

# Boys In the Trees

## Carly Simon

(carly simon)I'm home again in my old narrow bed  
Where I grew tall and my feet hung over the end  
The low beam room with the window looking out  
    On the soft summer garden  
Where the boys grew in the treesHere I grew guilty  
    And no one was at fault  
Frightened by the power in every innocent thought  
    And the silent understanding passing down  
        >from daughter to daughter  
Let the boys grow in the treesDo you go to them or do you let them come to you  
    Do you stand in back afraid that you'll intrude  
    Deny yourself and hope someone will see  
        And live like a flower  
    While the boys grew in the trees

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